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A Missionary Killed.

Mr. F. Weiss, of the American Mission, Tangier, Morocco, writes to the 'Christian Herald,' New York, under date Oct. 21.

I enclose a picture of Mr. Cooper, a missionary of the North African Mission, who was shot in the city of Fez, by a fanatical Moor, four days ago. Mr. Cooper left Tangier with his wife and two children about three weeks ago, having spent the summer months here, resting. It was here in Tangier that we first met Mr. and Mrs. Cooper. They were truly a blessing to Morocco, and were greatly beloved by all who knew them.

Mr. Cooper's talks to us were heart stirring, and especially his last talk before leaving Tangier for Fez. When the news came of his death, our girls wept as though their hearts would break. He was much loved by the children. He had labored six years as a missionary in this land. He had arrived in Fez only four days before this sad event. On that day, he and two native colporteurs went to the market-place to buy some matting for the floor of their new Mission home. While they were purchasing the articles, out rushed a fanatic Moor from Manli Adree's mosque. Instantly pulling a revolver from underneath his gelab (coat), he shot Mr. Cooper in the abdomen. The latter fell, but was quickly picked up by four men and carried to the mission house. Medical help was summoned—a doctor and a dentist—but after two hours of great agony, the devoted missionary passed peacefully away.

After the assassination, the fanatic ran back to the mosque for refuge. This mosque is considered by the Mohammedans a very holy place. Murderers, thieves and all sorts of criminals go there to find sanctuary, and no one can touch them while there. When this case was told to the Sultan, he immediately sent his soldiers to the mosque and brought forth the murderer, something never known to have been done before. Then he ordered him to be placed upon a horse and taken through all the streets of the city, to make him an example to the people. After this was done, the murderer was shot dead by the Sultan's soldiers.

It was a great shock to Mrs. Cooper, who is now bereft of her husband, and left with two little ones, one a babe of six months. She is a very devoted Christian. We all sympathize with her.

We have been informed later that all the Christian workers in Fez had been ordered to leave at once, as the more fanatical portion of the natives are in a great state of tumult, and are stirred up by the Sultan showing protection to the foreigners and causing the murderer to be brought from the mosque and publicly killed as a punishment for doing just what they claim to be their religious duty to do. Dear readers, pray for the missionaries here, and that thousands of souls may be brought from darkness into light and from the power of Satan unto God through the sacrifice of the life of this departed brother.

MR. COOPER, THE MISSIONARY MARTYR AT FEZ.
The photograph shows him talking to a native in the mission doorway.

God's Dealings With a Late Learner.

(Rev. W. A. Mason, D.D., Amarillo, Texas, in 'The Faithful Witness.')

I was once of the opinion, that the age of miracles was past, and that I might not expect answers to prayers, that involved Divine interposition of a supernatural kind. I had been a regular pastor for six years. In 1876 a daughter of a member of my church was taken with haematuria, a deadly form of malaria disease. As was common with that disease, she went straight in the direction of death. Late one Sunday afternoon word came to me that she was dying. I hastened to the house, and met the physician, who was a conscientious, praying Christian, coming out of the front door. He told me that the girl would not survive more than an hour or two. As I entered the sick room, I felt that I was in the presence of death. All present were waiting for the last breath. Suppression of all secretions, deadly nausea and other symptoms, told that blood poisoning had set in. I stayed a few minutes, and, having to leave to be at the evening service, I bade this sick girl good-bye never expecting to see her alive again. Her mother followed me to the door, and said about this to me: 'Brother Mason, God can do anything, can you not ask him to cure Lena? Tell him that if he takes her I will not be rebellious, I know it will be best; but ask him if he cannot spare her to me: I have had so much trouble; brother Mason, don't you think you can ask him for me?'

I had just come from what seemed to me the death chamber where I saw this girl in the last agony, as I thought. Could I believe that God could or would intervene? I answered the mother, 'Sister, I will ask the Lord to lead me in this matter, and if I can, I will ask him to raise Lena up.' I went hurriedly from the house to the church. All through the service the plaintive urgency of that mother's words sounded in my ears and in my heart. When service was over I went to my room alone. There seemed to be a petitioner at the door of my heart appealing to me in the words, 'can't you ask him to cure Lena?' I was very unhappy; I felt a great responsibility laid on me. In this condition I sat down with the intention of settling the matter one way or another. I asked as in the presence of my own heart and God, 'Can I ask God for this miracle?' I shall never forget what followed. A conviction seized my heart to its deepest depth, I had not the least doubt that God could heal the girl. I fell on my knees and made my request in the name of the sympathizing, wonderworking Christ, who holds the 'keys of death and of hades.' My prayer was short. I rose from my knees as firmly convinced that the child was cured as if I had seen it. I could feel no other way. I went to sleep peacefully, with the impression that I had been in the closest touch with God.

But more, as I arose from my knees the clock struck eight. I noticed it. I arose

early next morning and hastened to the house of the sick girl. The sun was just rising. His early morning glory seemed in keeping with the feeling in my heart that I was going to a place of rejoicing and not a place of weeping. As I approached the house the mother saw me and came out of the front gate and met me with these words, 'Brother Mason, the doctor has just left here and says a miracle has been wrought. He says Lena has not a dangerous symptom and is absolutely well to all intents.' I felt no surprise at this, but was anxious to ask one question. It was this, 'When did she begin to improve?' This conversation occurred as we advanced towards the house. We had arrived at the door as I asked this question. Before the mother could answer the Catholic nurse in the room hearing the question answered, 'I can tell ye exactly: you know how sick she was when you was here? Well, she got worse and worse, till the clock was striking eight she turned herself on the other side. I said to meself, "Lena has turned over to die." She was very quiet and I said, "she is dead." I listened for her breathing, but could hear nothing. I moistened my finger and held it before her nostrils, and felt a warm breath. I still thought she would be gone in a few minutes. Again and again I felt for her breath. At last I could hear her breathe, and I leaned over her and she was sleeping as peacefully as an infant. I was alone and was afraid. I could not believe it. Three hours passed in this way, till when the clock struck eleven, it nearly frightened me to death when Lena awoke, stretched herself in the bed, and raised up in a sitting position and said she was hungry and must have something to eat. Her mother was out of the room at the time and I called her. When she came in Lena said she was hungry and must have something to eat. We both tried to persuade her that it would be dangerous for her to eat; but she said she was well and must have something. We brought her in some preparation with more milk than anything else in it. She ate it with relish, then went to sleep again, and did not awake till the doctor came, about dawn.'

Lena was in the enjoyment of her usual health in a few days, and still lives.

Now, the foregoing was an actual experience. There are thousands occurring just like it in all essential respects. With such facts before us what is the opinion that the days of miracles are past worth? Can any one read the New Testament and say that such things are out of accord with it? More another time.

The Power of the Gospel.

(William Marshall, in the 'Institute Tie.')

One evening during some special meetings held recently, the gentleman who was working with me went with me to take supper at the house of a man considerably over middle age. From his early days this man had been a horse-trader, and was known as the most blasphemous man in the community. His home was all that the word implies, a godless one. Neither his wife, nor his children, nor the grandchildren, were converted.

During supper I got into conversation with him about his relation to the Lord Jesus Christ, and tried to show him some passages from the Bible. He told me that this was useless for, in the first place, he didn't know whether that was the Word of God or not, and in the second place he couldn't read, and wouldn't know whether I was telling him truly what the Bible said, and in the next place he was so ignorant that he couldn't understand it.

This puzzled me for a minute, but I lifted my heart to God for guidance, and said to him:

'My friend, it may be that you cannot read, and that you do not know whether this is really the Word of God or not, but you do know that something in there,' placing my hand on his breast, 'tells you that what I have told you about your own sinfulness and the love of God for you is all true.'

The words went home. He assented to all that I said, and asked me to show him just how he could be saved. How glad I was to do so, and there and then this old hardened sinner accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. My friend and I knelt with him in prayer, and he poured out his heart to God for forgiveness and in thanksgiving.

When we got up from our knees, I said to him:

'The next thing for you to do is to confess Christ before men,' showing him Romans x., 9, 10.

He demurred at first, saying: 'Why, the people will only laugh at me if I get up!'

But I held him to it, and finally he promised he would do so at the meeting.

We went over to the meeting together, and when the time came, and he got up to testify, it was just as he had anticipated—the whole audience burst out in shouts of derisive laughter. He said to me afterwards:

'Now, didn't I tell you what they would do?'

I said, 'Yes, but are any bones broken? Did it do you any harm?'

He answered, 'No.'

'All right,' I replied; 'now keep on confessing Christ.'

The next evening he got up and gave his testimony again amid somewhat similar shouts of laughter and loudly-voiced assertions that he wouldn't last another twenty-four hours. But the next evening he was on hand again with his testimony, to the amazement of the whole community, who began to see that there was power after all in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to save a man from sin.

To make a long story short, his wife and children, and those of his grandchildren who were old enough to understand, have all accepted the Lord Jesus Christ.

Through the old man's earnest perseverance a little church has been erected in the village where formerly there was no religious service, and he is himself actively and happily engaged in spreading the blessed Gospel that has done so much for him.

Do You Belong?

The 'Youth's Companion' is not a religious journal, but it is deeply imbued with the religious spirit and all its teachings are wholesome. In giving advice to the young people who have graduated from school with an ideal of noble service it says: 'There is no better way of "commencing" to realize that ideal than by identifying yourselves with the church of your faith. Many organizations work toward the ideal incidentally; the church makes for it constantly and avowedly. Through no other agency can the educated and high-minded youth do so much for the service of his fellowmen. The mere attendance at church is in itself at once a benefit to the individual and an example which may change the whole course of life for some weaker brother; and to some of the many interests of the modern church the man of affairs may consecrate his executive strength, the scholar may bring his wisdom, the young man devote his courage, his hope and his enthusiasm.' This is well said and should be taken to heart by our educated young people. Education is for service, and it finds its widest field and richest fruit in the church and kingdom of Christ.

The Love of Christ.

An old herdsman in England was taken to a London hospital to die. His grandchild would go and read to him. One day she was reading in the first chapter of the First Epistle of John and came to the words, 'And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' The old man raised himself up and stopped the little girl, saying with great earnestness:

'Is that there, my dear?'

'Yes, grandpa.'

'Then read it to me again—I never heard it before.'

She read it again.

'You are quite sure that is there?'

'Yes, quite sure, grandpa.'

'Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I want to feel it.'

She took the old blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said:

'Now, read it to me again.'

With a soft, sweet voice she read: 'And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'

'You are quite sure that is there.'

'Yes, quite sure, grandpa.'

'Then if any one should ask how I died tell them I died in the faith of these words: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."'

With that the old man passed into the presence of him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.—English Paper.

Jesus Touched Him.

(Rev. Cortland Meyers, D.D.)

One of the electric bells in my house lately refused to ring. I could not discover the cause. A bell-hanger, after some time spent over it, found that right up under the bell, so small as to be almost imperceptible, was a place where the point of contact was lost. That was the trouble.

And so it is often in the church of Christ. Your batteries are all right in the cellar, your wires and machinery all right. But the point of contact is often defective. That, in my judgment, is where the great work of the kingdom of God is to come in—the point of contact. Follow the footsteps of Christ and you will see that it was through the point of contact that he did his work. It was through the marvellous touch of the Son of God. We must go back to first principles and we find the difficulty just there. There was never better working force, never better principles in the church of Christ than there are to-day. I believe we shall see a brighter day yet for the church.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Lo, the Rich Indian.

New Metlakahtla, Alaska.

(Olive McGregor, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

The passengers on the Alaska steamer 'Queen' were awakened early one morning last summer by the stopping of the machinery. Then, as our royal vessel slowly turned, we noticed that it was headed toward an island, upon which all that could be distinguished in the early dawn was a great white cathedral building.

But as the gangplank was thrown out on the new Metlakahtla pier, at four o'clock on this bright July morning, a score of Endeavorers were ready to land. The village was wrapped in slumber, save an Indian boy who vigorously rang a bell on the wharf to announce the arrival of the steamer. Stepping from the pier on to the smooth plank sidewalk, which stretches in unbroken lines along four miles of the village streets, we aimed first to visit the great white church.

The air was cool and clear, the village silent, and streets deserted; so that the pervading atmosphere of peace, comfort, and sweet cleanliness, all three so foreign to heathen Indian villages, was felt by all.

Disappointed, though not surprised, at finding the church locked, we enjoyed viewing the imposing exterior with its two square towers; also other buildings near by; the schoolhouse built in the shape of a cross; the octagonal Council House with its roof of eight gables diverging from a small cupola in the centre; and the large new circular building that was being erected for Mr. Duncan, his assistants, and guests.

As the villagers were not yet awakened, the beach presented the next attraction. On the way we stopped to look at the fire-engine house, with its alarm bell on top, and within it the hose-reel and hand-pump. Each cottage is supplied with its own permanent ladders, reaching in sections from the ground to the highest part of the roof. A nearly completed system of village water-works supplies the water. As the town suffered greatly from fire several years ago, every precaution is now taken to avoid another such disaster.

Each citizen pays a tax of three dollars a year for town improvements, keeping up the sidewalks, etc. Before the beginning of 1898, electricity furnished all the light for the village.

Just ten years ago every foot of the ground now occupied by these hundreds of pretty cottages, the homes of one thousand Christian Indians, was a dense forest, untouched by man's hand. Now, through the unaided efforts of these Indians, every tree, and even every stump, has been removed. The absence of huge, decaying stumps is an unusual thing in an Alaskan town. Here you do not see the barn-like 'communal houses' of the 'rancheries' or Indian villages, of Sitka and Juneau, but well-painted houses, with fancy gabled roofs, pretty bow windows, and neat front piazzas; each house the home of one family, not of ten or fifteen families, the usual number in the 'communal' houses of heathen Indians.

As each property-holder wished a corner lot, Mr. Duncan wisely laid out the town with four lots to each block, each cottage surrounded with a well-tilled garden and enclosed by a picket fence. Strawberry beds, ingeniously covered with an old fish-net to keep out greedy crows, made attractive many of the front yards.

The beach in front of an Indian village in Alaska is an extremely repellent place, because of foul odors and disgusting sights; but a more attractive spot could not be found than the clean sand beach of New Metlakahtla. No herd of fierce lean dogs feeding on odoriferous dead fish; no litter of decaying wood and filth of all kinds, usually surrounding an Indian village, could be found here, but instead a clean stretch of sand and scores of well-painted boats.

Strolling back to the pier, we were gladdened by a sight of one who may reverently and truly be called the 'patron saint' of this village and people, Mr. William Duncan, looking hearty and strong in spite of his sixty years. He is little more than five feet tall, rather fleshy, with a ruddy complexion; kindly, shrewd, and often twinkling blue eyes; firm mouth, and chin covered with a sandy grey beard.

REV. WILLIAM DUNCAN

From a 'snap-shot' taken of him by one of the travellers mentioned in the article.

He stood, surrounded by an eager questioning crowd, rapidly recounting the story of his forty years of earnest Christian work, God's blessing, and the wonderful result among these dusky people of the forest.

Pointing to a building near, one young lady asked, 'What is that little building for?'

'That,' said Mr. Duncan, 'is our jail'; and with a twinkle in his eye he added: 'We use it only to punish naughty boys. Sometimes a boy is too unruly to be easily governed by his parents, and is brought to me. I lock him up in that little room for half an hour, and he is subdued and repentant when he comes out. We have no need of a jail here. There has not been a crime committed during the ten years we have been on this island.'

This is easily explained by the fact that not a drop of alcoholic liquor is to be found on the island, or is allowed to be brought there, and gambling is unheard of.

All who wish to become citizens of New Metlakahtla must sign, and agree to comply with, the following rules, or what is called the 'Declaration of Residents':—

We, the people of Metlakahtla, Alaska, in order to secure to ourselves and our posterity the blessings of a Christian home, do severally subscribe to the following rules for the regulation of our conduct.

1. To reverence the Sabbath, and to refrain from all unnecessary work on that day; to attend divine worship; to take the Bible for our rule of faith; to regard all true Christians as our brethren; and to be truthful, honest, and industrious.

2. To be faithful and loyal to the government and laws of the United States.

3. To render our votes when called upon for the election of the Town Council, and promptly to obey the By-laws and orders imposed by the said Council.

4. To attend to the education of our children, and keep them at school as regularly as possible.

5. To abstain totally from all intoxicants and gambling, and never to attend heathen festivities, or countenance heathen customs in the surrounding villages.

6. To carry out strictly all sanitary regulations necessary to the health of our town.

7. To identify ourselves with the progress of the settlement, and to utilize the land we hold.

8. Never to alienate—give away or sell—our land or building-lots, or any portion thereof, to any person or persons who have not subscribed to these rules.

Signed ——— Witnessed ———.
Date ———

A large sawmill, wholly under the control of Indians, furnishes employment for a number of men, while a larger number of both men and women are employed in the salmon-cannery. This, also operated entirely by Indians, turns out twenty-five thousand cans of salmon a day. Besides making tin cans and packing-cases for their own use, they make them to sell to other factories operated by white people in other places. Every part of this building is scrupulously clean, and shows evidence of good management. On the mountain slopes of Annette Islands are said to be hidden vast quantities of valuable mineral ores not yet disturbed.

A scrap of the conversation held between myself and a grave, courteous elderly Indian on the wharf will serve to show the spirit of the people and their simple faith.

I asked, 'Was it not very hard for you to leave your homes in "Old Metlakahtla" —ten years ago, and come here to begin all over again in this wilderness?'

His face expressed wonder, surprise, and slight indignation as he replied: 'We love God; we cannot quarrel. If we stayed there, we must quarrel with the authorities.'

'We love God; we cannot quarrel,' he repeated.

Then I asked, 'How many of the people in the village are members of the church?'

He answered: 'All who are old enough. Yes, all our people belong to the church and love Jesus.'

Such simple purity of Christian faith

and practice, put into speech by an Indian old enough to remember witnessing in his childhood horrible cannibal feasts, cruel tortures inflicted on their own subjects by savage chiefs, and domestic life in its most degraded state, reminds us that 'with God all things are possible.' At half-past six, just as the cannery had opened for work, our steamer slowly moved away from the pier. The little group of Indian men and women on the wharf joined the Endeavorers on the 'Queen' in singing, 'Blessed be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love.'

Tears rolled down some dusky, smiling faces and filled the eyes of the one white face, Mr. Duncan's, as the strains of 'God be with you till we meet again' became fainter as the boat steamed away. Soon all that could be distinguished of the happy New Metlakahtla was the great white church, the beacon-light of these earnest Christian people.

My Squirrel 'Muffle.'

(For 'Our Dumb Animals,' by Mrs. S. J. Brigham, East Orange, New Jersey.)

'Muffle' resides in Chipmunk Town,
We own a lot together,
His home is there the whole year round,
Mine through the summer weather.

His house is high, the tower climbs
A hundred feet or more,
Mine is a little one which stands
Quite near to his back door.

It took the Lord a hundred years
To build his house, they say,
Mine is a cottage built by men
In three months and a day.

We are such comrades! he and I,
We spend much time together
Talking about the woodland folk
Who dress in fur and feather.

And of the long cold winter days
When snow lies deep above him,
When he and I are far apart,
And no one near to love him,

He condescends to share with me
Nuts of all sorts and sizes,
Stuffing his furry cheeks until
His face he quite disguises.

When 'Muffle' wants his share and mine
I gladly give him all,
And while his pockets swell with nuts,
My own grow very small.

Dear 'Muff!' He hides them all away
Upon his storehouse shelf,
While I am learning how to love
My neighbor as myself.

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Drinking is, after all, only a pronounced symptom of a large vice,—self-indulgence; and self-indulgence is always fatal, in the long run, to all the habits and activities which men very properly honor.—R. F. Horton, D.D.

Ant-Hills.

('The Strand Magazine.')

A striking peculiarity of the white ant is that it is not an ant at all, but a termite. Any ordinary person observing it and its habits would call the insect an ant; but the learned men of science who settle these things tell us that it belongs to the order of Europtera, and is allied to the dragon-fly; whereas the ants are all Hymenoptera. Indeed, the very latest classification puts the termites in a class by themselves, somewhere between the dragon-fly and the cockroach. But the travellers who first encountered the termite in its different kinds were not scientifically exact in their nomenclature, and took the way of the ordinary person, calling the new insect a white ant.

The termites are remarkable chiefly for two things—some sorts for one and some for the other. One is the building of most extraordinary nests, formed of particles of earth cemented together, and pierced by many tunnels, chambers, passages, and corridors, and the other is the destruction (internally) of anything wooden they can get hold of.

Mr. W. Saville-Kent, the distinguished naturalist, made a tour in Australia a year or two ago, taking photographs of many remarkable things, some of which were reproduced in his valuable work, 'The Naturalist in Australia.'

The termites of Australia have not yet been thoroughly examined, but the European species (Termes lucifugus) has; and in a nest of the latter there are found together eleven different types—which will give some measure of the complicated state of termite society. The eleven types are: (1) the youngest larvae, there being no discernible distinctions between them at this stage; (2) the semi-matured larvae of the soldiers; (3) adult soldiers; (4) semi-matured larvae of workers; (5) adult workers; (6) nymphs (with imperfect wings) of the first order, developing into kings and queens; (7) king; (8) queen; (9) nymphs of the second order developing into supplementary males and females; (10) adult supplementary males; (11) adult supplementary females. There is no reason to suppose that termite society in Australia is any less highly organized—in fact, it may be found to be more highly organized still.

The white ant is one of the most destructive insects in Australia. It is not a mound-builder, but it lives in subterranean passages, and in the borings it makes in wood. Nothing is safe from this pest. Furniture, rafters, floor-boarding, door-posts—it eats into all. A house left unguarded for a month or two may come to terrible grief. The whole of the wood-work, while outwardly apparently sound, will become a mere shell, with walls no thicker than paper, so that one puts his foot through the flooring as he would through a stretched newspaper, and the legs of seemingly solid chairs and tables crush to dust and splinters between the finger and thumb.

The soldier termites are distinguishable by their darker color, and by their larger heads, which are almost black. These termites, it may be observed, as well as other species, secrete a sort of acid, which will eat away even glass and lead. There are many instances of the metal capsules of bottles being pierced, in order that the insects might get at and eat the corks. And in these cases the surface of the glass was plainly corroded along the line where the termites had laid their covered passages towards the corks. Lead sheeting of considerable thickness has also been perforated by white ants eager to get at wood behind it.

The food of the mound-building sorts seems to be chiefly dried grass. They are mound-builders and haymakers. They collect great hoards of grass blades finely cut up, and store them in the myriad food chambers that intersect their hillocks. And the various species erect mounds of varying shapes and sizes, particular shapes being produced by particular species. These mounds are all of a roughly pyramidal shape, sometimes with the apex prolonged into a pinnacle. The hills grow gradually, of course, and when completed, range from 6ft. to 12ft. in height as a rule, though some reach 14ft. or 15ft. And it may be taken as a general rule that the habitation, or 'termitarium,' as it is correct to call it, extends as far downward under the surface of the ground as upward in the air. Thus we may get some notion of the immensity of the architecture of these industrious insects, in comparison with their insignificant size. The color of the mounds is commonly a rust-red, much akin to the line of the soil below. Mr. Saville-Kent made several unsuccessful attempts, by excavation, to discover and examine the queen in her royal chamber, in the midst of certain of the mounds. But the skill and diligence of the worker-termites rendered his efforts unsuccessful. So rapidly did they wall up all approaches to the chamber at the first alarm, that it became, apparently, a mere lump of clay, indistinguishable from the many others around it. In many cases it was possible to trace clay-covered galleries for several hundred feet along the surface of the ground from the bases of the hillocks. It is supposed that the termites make innumerable holes in the walls of these galleries in the night, issue forth, gather their harvest of grass, and, bringing it in, repair all the breaches before daylight.

We come now to the mounds of what Mr. Saville-Kent calls the 'Kimberley type,' since he came across them in the Kimberley district of Western Australia. The tallest nest of this sort which Mr. Saville-Kent measured was 14ft. high. It had reached its fullest development, and it was becoming a little worn at the top by weather. The shapes of these termitaries vary a great deal, and some present odd and grotesque forms.

With the aid of a pickaxe and a cross-cut saw, a mound was divided exactly in half, and the thousands of inner chambers and passages were exposed. From the centre upward and out to the sides the chambers were almost wholly filled with the stored food, in the shape of finely chopped grass. In the centre, however, and a little below, was a collection of smaller cells, apparently the nurseries, devoted to the rearing of the young ants. These cells, however, were found to be unoccupied when laid bare, the young having doubtless been carried away at the first sign of disturbance. Here again nothing could be discovered of the queen ant.

A mound partially destroyed in this manner is never abandoned. The termites instantly set about rebuilding the destroyed side, and in course of two or three years no sign is visible that the termitary has ever been interfered with. As a matter of fact, Mr. Saville-Kent paid a later visit to this same termitary, and found the work of rebuilding well forward.

A third class of Australian ant-mound was inspected. It is called the Magnetic, Compass, or Meridian Ant-hill, from a very noticeable peculiarity. Every one of these termitaries is in plan of a roughly elliptical shape, or, at any rate, it is narrow and compressed, so as to be very much longer than broad. And every one of these mounds points, in the direction of its length, exactly north and south. In the valley of the Laura River, about sixty miles inland from Cooktown, North Queensland, these termitaries abound. They rise in a multiplicity of sharp pinnacles, with some remote resemblance to the roof of a Gothic cathedral. This particular form of meridian or magnetic termitary does not attain any very great elevation, 8ft. being the height of the tallest measured. But, as we shall presently see, there are in other parts of Australia termitaries of very different shape, rising to a much greater height, and yet characterized by the singular north and south direction. To guess the reason of this extraordinary orientation has been a puzzle to many men of science, and all sorts of theories have been expressed. It seems agreed, however, that magnetism or anything of that sort has nothing to do with it. The most probable suggestion yet offered is that the mounds being of such shape and so placed, their larger surfaces are in the least possible degree exposed to the direct mid-day rays of the sun, and therefore convey to the interior a minimum degree of heat. A large surface facing directly the noon rays of the tropical sun would become extremely hot, and would retain its heat for the rest of the afternoon. If this explanation be the true one, it adds one more to the many wonderful instances of termite sagacity. And, indeed, so must any other explanation. For it is plain that these little insects, working in the interior of their habitations, 'box the compass' with perfect accuracy, through all the tortuous windings of the myriad passages which they traverse. How they, in the dark of their habitations, know with such perfect precision the exact direction of north and south, and how they carry that knowledge with them through the mazes they traverse, is a thing science may some day determine, though we scarcely expect the revelation very soon. There is another variety of Meridian mounds familiar in the neighborhood of Port Darwin, which not only point due north and south, but are also convex on the broad east side and concave on the west. Here is a more complete demonstration still of an underground knowledge of the cardinal points.

Still another form of Meridian termitary is found in Australia, also in the Port Darwin district. This is the largest of all the ant-hills in the continent. It differs in shape from all the others, and its height is immense. This particular example was 18 feet high. Mr. Saville-Kent calls this the 'Columnar' variety. Strong ridges or buttresses are built against the mounds, adding much to their strength. By the rule we have already mentioned, which makes the depth underground of these habitations equal to their height above it, the total height of this colossal structure, visible and invisible, is 36ft.

Many other kinds of Australian termites erect very small mounds of 2ft. or 3ft. high; and it is a curious fact that certain species of birds drive holes in these mounds, and build their nests there. A sort of kingfisher, distinguished by a white breast, behaves thus in the southern parts of Western Australia. In Central Queensland, a parrakeet excavates into the small termitaries in the same way, and deposits its eggs in the nest there formed. But another kingfisher — the White-tailed—selects a particular form of mound which is a curiosity in itself. It is an even, regular, egg-shaped mound. Into the side of this the kingfisher burrows, and within it makes its habitation and lays and hatches its eggs. Mr. D. Le Souef, the director of the Melbourne Zoological Society's Gardens, has taken a photograph of such a termitary as this, showing the entrance to the kingfisher's nest within. After the irregularities to which the other forms of white ant-mound have accustomed us, this regular consruction comes as a surprise.

Not only birds, but lizards, rats, snakes, and scorpions thrust themselves as visitors on the unwilling termites and make their homes in the mounds. Man, also, has found a use for the habitation of these insects. He does not go into them as a lodger, but he breaks them up and uses them for road-making. Termitary earth, used as a top layer, binds and hardens under stress of weather into a firm mass, like cement. Then the knowing bushman will select a small termitary mound, hollow it with dexterity and care, and use it as a temporary oven wherein he performs surprising feats of cookery.

It is to be remembered that the termites work at their building operations in the night time only. This is the rule, but it is a rule with exceptions. It seems to be the rule because, in making some fresh extension of premises, it is necessary for the insects to break through the outer wall, and so expose themselves to possible attacks from their many enemies.

In all countries where white ants abound the flight of swarms of the winged sort is a familiar occurrence. They crowd over all artificial lights at night, and become a great nuisance. In Massachusetts they are each season observed to fly in a thick cloud, accompanied by numberless birds, which gorge themselves with the insects until unable to close their beaks. There are fifteen different species of birds that take part in this feast.

In India and in many parts of Africa, termites are used as food by human beings, and European travellers have testified that, nicely roasted, a handful or so of white ants is a delicacy not to be despised. But in Australia, low as is the development of the aboriginals, and unpromising as are many of their articles of food, the termites are not eaten. But, what is, perhaps, more singular still, the natives about the Kimberley district of Western Australia eat large quantities of the earth of which the mounds are composed. Mr. Saville-Kent has frequently observed a native break off a piece of white ant's nest and devour it with much relish. And it was not from the promptings of imperious hunger, for the natives in question were in European service, and well and regularly fed. Mr. Saville-Kent suspects that certain secretions of the termites, together with a minute fungoid growth, conspire to render the clay attractive to the native palate.

The Missionary Who Was a Baker.

When Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the first president of Robert College, Constantinople, found it impossible to obtain good bread in Turkey, he set to work with his usual energy and established a steam flour mill and a bakery. The story of his success as baker may be familiar to many of our readers, but is worth retelling.

During the Crimean War Lord Raglan established his military hospital in the Selimieh barracks at Scutari. One day Mr. Hamlin was asked by an orderly to call upon Doctor Mapleton at the hospital. As he entered, the doctor asked, brusquely, without salutation:—

'Are you Hamlin, the baker?'

'No, sir; I am the Rev. Mr. Hamlin, a missionary.'

'That is just about as correct as anything I get in this country. I send for a baker and I get a missionary.'

There happenedto be two loaves of bread on the table, and Mr. Hamlin said, 'I presume it is bread you want, and you don't care whether it comes from a heathen or a missionary.'

'Exactly so,' answered the doctor.

After some debate between the missionary and the officer, Mr. Hamlin agreed to furnish bread for the hospital use. Taking up the printed contract, he noticed that it said, 'To deliver bread every morning between the hours of eight and ten, or at such hours as may be agreed upon.' Mr. Hamlin paused a moment, and then said: 'It will be necessary to insert in this contract the words, 'except Sabbath,' after the word 'morning.' The bread can be delivered Saturday evening, say at sunset.'

'The laws of war do not regard the Sabbath,' replied the agent of the English government, curtly. 'I cannot change a syllable in that form of contract.'

'Very well, sir; then I will not furnish the bread. I have not sought the business.'

'The chief purveyor,' said the doctor, after a pause, 'is a good Scotch Christian, and he will arrange with you for that.' So Mr. Hamlin was engaged to supply bread at a rate of twelve thousand pounds a day.

The first delivery at the camp was dramatic. The soldiers were waiting impatiently to receive it. They seized the loaves ravenously and tasted them. Then the bread was hurled high in the air, and the joyful cry rang through the ranks:—

'Hooray for good English bread!'

The provost of the camp was overbearing and rude, and some trouble was anticipated over the double Saturday delivery. On the first Saturday at sunset, Mr. Hamlin, preceding the long line of carts, saluted the provost and said, 'As it is Saturday I deliver the supply of bread for Sabbath; as at the hospital, so at the camp.'

This was met with the order to take the bread back and deliver it in the morning. Mr. Hamlin, unheeding the order, left the bread and departed quietly. To the missionary's astonishment, the next Saturday morning the provost wrote on his receipt, 'Remember the double Saturday delivery.'—'Wellspring.'

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What the Trolley Wire Said.

(Sarah L. Tenney, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

It was 'Labor Day,' and nine o'clock in the morning—just the hour for school to begin, only there would be no school today, for it was a holiday. Instead, a merry crowd of boys from one of the grammar schools in a large Eastern city boarded an electric car bound for the seashore. They each had a lunch box or basket, indicating their purpose to make a day of it.

Roy Vining was one of the party, a bright, wide-awake looking boy, rather under size for his age, which was twelve years, but with clear, honest eyes and a very winning smile. Roy had been anticipating this outing for weeks and saving up every cent he could earn meanwhile to indulge himself in it, for his mother was a widow who worked hard to support herself and only child. But 'jobs' were scarce and poorly paid for at that, so when the time arrived for the long anticipated pleasure, Roy found he had just enough money to allow him the trolley ride and back without anything over for 'extras.'

'It is too bad, Roy,' said his mother, who, like all fond parents, desired to have her boy enjoy as much as the other boys on their good time. 'Here are ten cents more; take them for any little thing you might like.'

'No, indeed, 'mother,' answered Roy, flushnig with indignation. 'Do you think I would use your hard-earned money? I shall have a fine time, never fear! The ride will be charming; you have put me up a royal lunch, and I can go in swimming and find plenty of things to enjoy that won't cost a cent.' So kissing his mother good-bye, he started away, whistling merrily, though deep down in his heart he did wish he had a little money 'over' for ice cream or rolling ten pins, or a ride on the flying horses, of which latter he was specially fond. It gave promise of being a very warm day, and a good many other people besides the school boys seemed to think it would be a fine thing to go to the shore. So long before they were half way there the car was crowded to overflowing, all the standing room between the seats and even the running boards being wholly occupied. Roy was a little fellow and was so closely wedged in between two very fleshy women, each with a baby in her arms, that the conductor failed utterly to see him when he came around for fares. Roy had the five cents in his hand and tried to pass it along, but it was utterly impossible to reach the conductor through the mass of humanity, and the two big women were so occupied with each other and their babies, they never noticed Roy's attempt to pass on his money. With a little thrill of exultation, Roy thought to himself, 'Jolly; I'm five cents in! I can have one ride on the flying horses, anyway!'

'But you wouldn't think of using the money in that way,' whispered that faithful little monitor called 'Conscience.' 'Of course you will give it to the conductor when you get off the car, for it belongs to the company, you know.'

'Why, to be sure,' immediately responded Roy, though a shade of disappointment rested on his handsome countenance. But he was a loyal little 'Knight of King Arthur,' and had been instructed by a loving mother to be both honest and honorable. A second and even a third time the conductor collected the fares with the same result. Roy's increasing wealth proving a constantly increasing temptation to hold on to it, but even when he found himself with a surplus of fifteen cents, he resolved in his stout little heart to give it all up. Then it was that the trolley wire began to talk. Perhaps you never knew that trolley wires could talk, but all you boys who ride on the electric cars have, doubtless, noticed the peculiar 'singing' or 'murmuring' of the wires overhead. Sometimes they seem to ascend a regular scale of sounds, descending in like manner.

To Roy's tempted soul and strained imagination they seemed to talk and say, 'You fool! you fool! you fool!' with constantly rising reflection till it became almost a shriek, 'to give back fifteen cents, when you might have such a good time with it! You can have a boat ride and a ride on the flying horses, and have ice cream and candy and no end of good things with all that money.'

''Tisn't yours,' whispered Conscience. But the trolley wire was bigger and noisier than Conscience and 'talked' so loud it entirely drowned the gentle voice of the inward monitor. 'The money is yours. You tried to give it up and couldn't succeed. Besides, it's the conductor's business to look after the fares. If he fails to take them, it's his lookout—not yours. You have a perfect right under the circumstances to keep the money.'

''Tisn't yours!' reiterated Conscience, this time a little more faintly than before; it would be stealing both ride and money.'

'I never stole in my life,' returned Roy, indignantly, and although he spoke under his breath, the trolley wire heard him, and instantly responded: 'Of course you never did, and never would. This wouldn't be anything like stealing. Keep it, you foolish boy! Keep it! keep it!' shouted the trolley in the descending scale as the car reached its destination and began to slow up. Roy's usually frank, merry countenance was clouded and anxious with the inward conflict, but as the car stopped and the crowd of pleasure-seekers turned treir steps toward the ocean, Roy went straight to the conductor and gave him the fifteen cents. He had not the slightest idea that any one beside himself knew he had not paid his fare, but it so happened (boys, does anything ever 'happen?') that an elderly, dignified gentleman sat behind Roy in the dense crowd and saw the whole proceeding. He witnessed Roy's attempt the first time to reach the conductor, and his immediate impulse was to lean forward and assist him in passing the fare on. Then on second thought, he drew back said to himself: 'No! I'll watch that boy!' He observed Roy's failure to reach the conductor both the second and third times, but, for reasons known best to himself, he was even more anxious to watch the final result. Not being observed in the crowd as it left the car, he kept close at Roy's elbow as he talked with the conductor, and this is what he heard:

'Here, Mr. Conductor, you didn't take any of my fares. I was so small I s'pose you didn't see me, and I couldn't reach you, the people were packed so close.'

'Well, you are a rare bird,' exclaimed the conductor, looking at him in unfeigned astonishment. 'Why didn't you keep it?'

'Why, it isn't mine, of course,' returned Roy. I've had my ride, and I wish to pay for it.'

Again the conductor looked at him as if he were a curiosity among boys, and then he said:

'Well, boy, I'll tell you what; either you or I have got to keep it, for my accounts are all made up this trip to correspond with the ticker, and you may keep it for your honesty.'

'Why, that wouldn't be right, either,' gasped Roy, refusing this even greater temptation; 'it belongs to the company.'

'Oh, well, give it here!' exclaimed the man, impatiently. 'I'm not so thin-skinned as all that, and I've no time to bother.' So, pocketing the change, he turned upon his heel and strode away. Meanwhile, the old gentleman, beaming with satisfaction, took his way with the other pleasure seekers toward the seaside.

And I will privately confide to you that even the conductor was so impressed with Roy's integrity that when he handed in his account at headquarters, he also passed in the extra fifteen cents, explaining the facts in the case, thereby increasing his own reputation for honesty. Roy had a delightful day, notwithstanding the other boys indulged in much he was obliged to deny himself. But it was a very happy, though a very tired boy that reached home that night, with a glowing account of the day's pleasures.

Now, in the place where Roy lived, in one of the downtown law offices there had been hanging for several days a notice in the window, 'Wanted, an office boy.' Between forty and fifty boys had already made application, Roy being among the number. It was a very desirable situation, because the boy would be permitted to attend school, performing his office duties outside of school hours, and the pay was liberal. But Lawyer Stearnes had not yet been able to find just the kind of boy he was looking for until the day he rode to the seashore and witnessed Roy's little apisode. He had been favorably impressed with Roy's appearance at the time he made application, only he thought him rather small. But this incident on the trolley car decided him, for he recognized Roy the moment he saw him. A day or two after Roy received a letter by mail, after reading which he ran, flushing with excitement and delight, to read it to his mother. It informed him that the coveted position had been given to him, because, among other requirements, he was 'an honest boy,' and Squire Stearnes went on to explain how he knew this fact. Then Roy told his mother what he had not told her until then—all about his temptation and victory, remarking as he closed, 'I think Satan must have rode the trolley wire that day, mother.'

'Without doubt,' answered his mother, 'and I am equally sure, and thank God for it, that one stronger than the tempter rode inside the trolley car close to my darling boy.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Jan. 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

How the Minister Spoiled the Music.

(Justin Henry Seward.)

The door of the brown cottage opened, and a little old man in a threadbare overcoat came down the steps. At the foot he turned and with feeble gaiety tossed a kiss to his wife, who stood in the doorway. Then he was off down the street.

She looked after him and smoothed her silvery hair, with a tremulous sigh. The little cottage had been their home ever since they came from Scotland, thirty years before. Every Sunday morning she had seen him start away in this fashion, always with the merry salute from the foot of the steps; yet never before had she felt pity for him, real pity, as if he needed some support. In the little church around the corner he had preached all these years with a vigor and confidence rarely equalled in young men; she had no fears for him there. But on this Thanksgiving day he was to preach in a stately church 'down town,' before the rich people of all the other churches, from a platform where he had never stood before. She knew his heart failed him now, and a little prayer came from her lips as she turned indoors.

'Come, now, my man,' he was saying staunchly to himself, as he trudged down the leafy walk, 'you be needin' a larrupin' or so. Grit your teeth, ye fool; is't the first time ye've spoke to a multitude? A' their finery canna harm ye, nor will the truth be lost.'

He seemed to put heart into himself with his mutterings, and the golden sunlight and pure, cold air braced him. He was really a very feeble old man, leaning heavily on his stick, and with shoulders bent almost into a bow. In his face, though, there was power, and in his clear brown eyes, shining back in the shade of their dark eyebrows. But though he had conquered his waverings for the moment, he could not but tremble and breathe faster when he saw the great brown church ahead of him, and all the fashionable folk in their rich, new autumn garments, filing in at the doors. Nor was he reassured when seated in the deep velvet chair back of the pulpit, with Mr. Fleming, of the Presbyterian Church, on one side of him, and Mr. Brouthers, of the Congregational Church, on the other. The faces ranged before him seemed all hostile, all cold and forbidding. He saw Mr. Perkins, the real estate man, near one of the great sparkling windows, and he thought Mr. Perkins looked as he did the last time he said to him, 'Now, Mr. McCrae, I really must have that house money day after to-morrow.' And there was Mrs. Billings, who had put him off with a cold nod once when he approached her on the street, and offered his hand. He thought she looked now just as she did that day. Then there were some young men back by the door, who led the way up the aisles when anybody entered. They seemed to be whispering and chuckling together about something. He supposed it was his old coat and clumsy shoes. Altogether, it made him feel like a very old and poor and weak old man, quite different from the strong, uplifted person who thundered forth the truth each week from the Baptist pulpit.

Mr. McCrae interpreted not altogether wrongly the expression of the faces before him. Some of the people were a good deal put out over his having been asked to preach. They thought seriously of staying away, but they knew Nellie Favouri was going to sing, and—why yes, Franz Grossart was to play the organ, and he was such a wonder. The fact is, the people of Colbury were very 'advanced' and large-moneyed people. They lived in houses pretty nearly palatial, with veritable parks around about. They had receptions and dinners and dances, and lawn parties and festivals—church festivals, for they all belonged to one church or the other. 'It really wasn't such a bore, you know, and didn't cost very much.' Christmas was a week of jubilant noise and consumption of candy; Easter was a glittering parade and musical festival; while Thanksgiving was a great combination of the town churches in an entertaining preaching service, and then the various dinner parties afterward. How ridiculous then it was, that that queer old McCrae, who lived among the old fogies in North Colbury, should be sitting up there about to begin his sermon.

'Huh,' said John Billings, the head usher, doing a waltz step in the vestibule, 'I s'pose he'll give us a talk about salvation for turkeys,—say, Jimmy, wasn't that party last night great?'

No one thought it necessary to listen to the old man as he rose to speak, bent his head over the Bible until his bushy white hair almost touched the pages, and read his text in a slow monotone. Some of the people openly simulated great weariness; others sniffed and coughed; John Billings whispered with the fair Miss Perkins in the back seat. But McCrae spoke steadily on, with his eyes not seeking those of his hearers, but fixed on some point not within their sight.

As nearly as the sleepy intelligence of the audience could make out, he seemed to be maundering along about giving thanks to the Lord, 'appropriate enough, I suppose, but so tiresome,' as more than one woman whispered to her husband. McCrae seemed to make no effort to appeal to the congregation's feelings. He stood still behind the pulpit, scarcely lifting a finger in gesture. But all in a moment his features seemed to stiffen in a white austerity, his dark eyes gleamed and glanced, and he strode from behind the desk to the very front of the platform. Then with every eye upon his, he spoke straight down upon the amazed faces before him. Ah, how he smote them! How his voice rose and fell, one moment a fierce cry, the next an awesome whisper. To the congregation it was as if a mighty hand had gripped them, and was swaying them at will. One burning sentence after another fell, denouncing the shallowness and display these people had substituted for devotion, the frivolity of their lives, their utter uselessness in any good work, the separation of their thoughts from godly things.

'I beseech you,' he cried, 'to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called, with a' lowliness an' meekness. My friends, ye canna follow the world, and be the Lord's. 'Come ye out from among them and be ye separate.'' Ye ha' assembled here to geeve thanks, but how empty is your thanksgeeving. Oh, friends,' and his voice became low and deep, while his face looked upward, ' ''be filled wi' the Spirit, speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with a' your heart to the Lord; geeving thanks always for a' things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to God, even the Father.'' '

Then there was silence. The old man had sunk into his chair, and his massive head was bowed. The congregation sat as if bound to the floor by a single chain. Not a soul moved. The air seemed blank, save for the echo in each mind of those last holy words. Suddenly upon the stillness a great crash of melody broke from the organ pipes far up toward the ceiling. A few brilliant chords, and then a piercing voice thrilled forth an aria from a well-known opera. It was Miss Favouri, gorgeous in green silk and a flowery bonnet. She stood in the choir loft just above the pulpit, swaying and tossing her head as she sang, after the artiste fashion. The notes pattered upon the listeners' ears like a swift summer shower. Scales and trills, astonishing intervals and brilliant flights of vocalization sparkled round about the melody, while the organ kept up a running fire of dancing chords. Somewhere about the middle of the performance, just as the singer was rising upon a crescendo of runs which was evidently to end in an overpowering climax, the song died with a sudden shock, and the organ stopped short with a gasp. Every one stared in amazement, and there, in the centre of the platform, they saw McCrae, with his face, stern and set, turned toward the singer, and a hand raised high in a gesture of command.

'Stop,' he said, 'Ye must stop. I will na hear it. The holy temple shall not be given to such exhibitions.'

Then he turned to the audience. A bar of sunlight lighted his white hair, and his head stood out bright against the dark trappings back of the platform. He seemed to the suddenly thoughtful throng like some divine being, standing there condemning them with that upraised hand.

'We will sing,' said he, in his ordinary monotone, steadied, however, by an evident effort of the will, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

The organist was nonplussed and helpless. Miss Favouri was pale and silent. But somewhere from the centre of the congregation a voice took up the majestic strain, another chimed in, a few scattering here and there began to sing, and in a moment all were on their feet, singing as they had never sung before, as they never had tried to sing; and then bowing silently under the benediction.

'A singular service, Brother Brouthers,' said the Rev. Mr. Fleming, as the people slowly filed out.

'Singular indeed,' returned the other, 'but what has become of our Brother McCrae?'

He was not on the platform. He was not below. But up in the choir loft they saw him bending over a prostrate girl's figure in green silk; his hand resting on her shoulder, and his face soft with a half-shy sympathy. He had spoiled her song, and this was his penitence.

Bicycle Travel.

(Annette Noble, in 'Wellspring.')

Harry Brown was poor and ambitious. He had graduated from a common school but was unable to go to college. He believed that he could get a certain education out of a trip to Europe. He had good health, a bicycle, and two hundred dollars

Oh, yes, among his possessions he counted a sympathetic friend, also poor. Harry and this young theological student secured second-class passage on a good steamer, for twenty dollars each way—on a steamer where the clean quarters made up for the plain food and lack of style. They had a fine passage, during which they studied, read, and grew intellectually.

After landing they wheeled off on the smooth roads, seeing something noteworthy every mile of the way. Each night, they found some little inn or a clean cottage, and for a small sum had good beds and abundant food. What appetites they had! They shunned high-priced hotels, and obtained good dinners elsewhere for twenty-five cents. If it stormed they rested or went by rail, third class, improving this opportunity of meeting people and talking with them.

Every day was filled with profit and pleasure, and they spent only about one dollar a day. At the end of three months they were not penniless, and felt indeed richer than millionnaires. Their trip was a success.

Again, two teachers, women, took their wheels and for very little more than the young men had spent, passed a delightful and profitable vacation in England. One of them returned with photographs illustrating the whole trip—castles, mountains, lakes, palaces, and lovely landscapes. In the notebook of her companion were pages of material which later made the writer able to fix to each picture its own proper study or story, and so there crept into print a pretty little book that justified its being and paid its way so well that its young and enthusiastic author said, 'Some day I will go again and know more.'

If it is right for you to travel, if you long to see the old world and its accumulated treasures, assure yourself where there is a will there is usually a way, sooner or later. Learn all you can, by way of getting ready, and you will have a sure recompense in that, if you never go at all. If you find that you must, after all, stay at home, remember the saying of the old man that, 'mankind in general is very much like the generality of mankind,' and that if one sees all there is to see, and learns all there is to know, in and about any one spot on earth, that person is very wise; and he can be very interesting, if he will be simple-hearted, unselfish, and love his neighbor as himself.

The story is told of one who 'dined with the gods,' and returning to earth 'remembered only the pattern of the tablecloth.' There are many who have travelled this world over and have come home no wiser, no richer, morally or intellectually.

'Diving and finding no pearls in the sea
Blame not the ocean, the fault is in thee.'

said the old Persian poet, and it is as true to-day as it was centuries ago when it was written.

I would rather face heathenism in any form than the liquor traffic in Africa. I have gone many times into the native heathen towns to preach the gospel, and found the whole town, men, women and children, in excitement over a barrel of rum that had been opened to be drunk by the town people. And when I reproved them they have replied: 'What do you white people make rum and bring it to us for if you don't want us to drink it?'—Miss Agnes McAlister.

Prayer Killed the Grasshopper.

Between the years 1873 and 1877 Minnesota was visited by a plague of grasshoppers, or Rocky Mountain locusts, which so increased from season to season that the farmers of the state were practically ruined, business was at a standstill, and men's desire to fight the pest was so worn out that the state of mind of the entire community was one of despair. Every means known had been tried to exterminate the insects except prayer, and finally towards spring of the year 1877, Gov. John S. Pillsbury made a proposal to some of the ministers who had importuned him to issue a proclamation appointing a day for prayer throughout the state.

'Get up an expression,' said he, 'setting forth just what it is that you propose, and have it general, and if it meets with my approval I will do as you wish.'

This was done, and an expression from many of the ministers of the State requesting that a day be appointed for fasting and prayer was handed to the Governor.

Upon this he decided to act, and a proclamation, of which the following is a copy, was issued:

'State of Minnesota, Executive Department, St. Paul, April 9, 1877.

'A general desire having been expressed in various religious bodies in this State for an official designation of a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, in view of the threatened continuation of the grasshopper scourge, I do hereby, in recognition of our dependence upon the power and wisdom of Almighty God, appoint Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of April, instant, to be observed for such purpose throughout the State; and I invite the people, on the day thus set apart, to withdraw from their ordinary pursuits, and in their homes and places of public worship, with contrite hearts, to beseech the mercy of God for the sins of the past and His blessing upon the worthier aims of the future.

'In the shadow of the locust plague, whose impending renewal threatens desolation of the land, let us humbly invoke, for the efforts we make in our defence, the guidance of that hand which alone is adequate to stay "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction which wasteth the noonday." Let us pray for deliverance from an affliction which robs the earth of her bounties, and in behalf of the sufferers therefrom let us plead for comfort to the sorrowful, healing for the sick, succor for the perishing, and larger faith and love for all who are heavily laden.

'Let us, moreover, endeavor to deserve a new prosperity by a new realization of the opportunity vouchsafed to those things which make for the well-being of men and the glory of God.

'J. S. PILLSBURY,
'Governor.'

Of course this attracted widespread attention and caused much comment. In the State the Governor's action was in general heartily endorsed, though a few so-called liberal leagues ridiculed his proclamation. One member of such a society wrote to the Governor and asked him carefully to take note of the condition of the grasshoppers the day before the day of prayer and again the day after to see the effect of the invocations which would go up from all the churches.

Among the God-fearing people the proclamation created a profound impression. Though not prepared to hazard an opinion as to the probable effect of their united prayers, they resolved to observe the day in the most devout manner. I well remember hearing our minister read the proclamation from the pulpit, and then in solemn tones exhort his people to assemble in the house of worship on the 26th day of April, and there lend their voices to the general appeal from an evil for which the power of man was helpless.

When the day came an air of Sabbath stillness proclaimed that it was not as other days. The unusualness of the occasion impressed all alike, and the scoffers had little to say. Shops and places of business were generally closed, and when the bells announced the hour of service, men and women in Sunday attire, went their way to their places of worship.

In recalling that day, recently, Gov. Pillsbury said:

'I never saw a stiller day in Minneapolis.'

The 27th of April, the day following the day of prayer, the sun shone clear and hot over Minnesota, and an almost summer-like warmth penetrated the moist earth, down to the larvae of the myriads of grasshoppers. Quickened by the genial warmth, the young locusts crawled to the surface in numbers that made the countless swarms of the preceding summer seem insignificant; in numbers sufficient to destroy the crops and hopes of a dozen States. For a day or two the mild and balmy weather lasted, then it grew colder, and one night the moist earth was frozen and with it the unhatched larvae and the young and crawling locusts above ground. And though the earth thawed again in a few days, the locusts, with the exception of a few, had disappeared. 'And,' to quote Gov. Pillsbury, 'we have never seen any grasshoppers since.'—Philadelphia 'Saturday Evening Post.'

How a Quarrel Begins.

(Hindu Folk Lore.)

(By Effie Hallock Braddock, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Once upon a time said a farmer to his wife, 'Suppose we keep a buffalo.'

'Very good,' said the wife; 'only it were wise to count up the necessary cost before buying her.. If we get a buffalo we must get a peg to tie her to.'

'Yes,' said the farmer, 'and a rope to tie her with.'

'And a cask to feed her in.'

'And a blanket to keep her warm.'

'And a pail to milk her into.'

'And a churn.'

'And a butter paddle,' said the wife, 'and I think that is all, except that we might get a second pail so that I might give my mother half the buttermilk.'

'What!' shouted the farmer, 'you feed your mother on my buffalo's buttermilk!'

'And why not, pray? If my mother hadn't fed me you would have had no wife to churn your buttermilk for you!'

'And a good thing that would have been for me. If my mother hadn't been inveigled into promising me to you—who knows? I might have married a princess!'

'Well, since you are so grieved you got me instead of your grand princess—who

couldn't milk a buffalo if you had her—I'll even go back whence I came!'

Then, in their overmastering anger, the couple scold and shout both together, neither waiting to hear what the other is saying, until they are purple in the face, the veins of their necks stand out like whipcord, and at last the throat of each other 'sits down' (as the picturesque Hindustani idiom has it), and refuses to work longer. Then the husband, still whispering, because he has no voice with which to talk, goes out to his ploughing. The wife, also whispering, gathers together a bundle of clothes and goes away to her mother's house.

There she abides for the space of three months.

When the wife's brothers see that so long a time has elapsed and that the farmer has not come in contrition begging his wife to come home, they realize that the matter is serious and that something must be done or their sister will be left on their hands, and the 'face' of their family will be 'black' before the whole world. So, arming themselves with a stick apiece, they go to the farmer's house. Failing to find him there, they go to his field, and find him working among the corn. Then they fall upon him and beat him soundly, saying:

'Your buffalo has ruined our fields!'

'Impossible,' says the farmer, 'since I have no buffalo.'

'No buffalo! why our sister, you said, fed our mother on your buffalo's milk. So it must have been your buffalo that ruined our fields, and we want satisfaction.'

'But I have no buffalo.'

'Indeed,' say the brothers, 'you have, for it is your buffalo who, for the past three months, has been feeding at our expense. Come, take her away.'

So the farmer goes and gets his wife, and indeed he is glad enough to have her help again. And the wife is glad enough to get back without having had to apologize. Therefore, it is a lesson to both.

So the quarrel is cured—until next time.

Obeying the Voice of a Dream

(The 'Christian Herald.')

During the winter of 1892 the writer was introduced to a lady who was preparing for Christian work in an American Missionary Training-school, and heard her give two Bible-readings. Some weeks afterward she dreamed that she was in a store looking at some dress goods. There was a piece of dark blue serge lying in a peculiar fashion on the counter with two pieces of bright plaid, one on either side of it, and a voice seemed to say very plainly, 'Buy a pattern of a dress and coat of that serge, and give it to Miss F——.' The writer awoke laughing, and said, 'What a funny thing that would be to do!' However, on waking, the impression became very vivid that the stuffs must be purchased, but it seemed such an absurd thing that she tried to dismiss the subject from her mind and think no more about it.

Three weeks afterwards, on entering a store, she saw a piece of serge just as she had seen it in her dream, with bright plaids on either side, and the voice said again, 'Buy material for a three-piece suit, and give it to Miss F——.' The command seemed so imperative that she was constrained to obey sorely against her will. She purchased the goods, and almost instantly felt impressed that she must purchase linings and trimmings for the suit. This was soon done, even to hooks and eyes, thread and buttons. Another question arose now. How should the gift be presented? The writer knew nothing of the lady or her need, and had never been in the house where she boarded. On the two occasions when she had seen her speak in public, she was neat looking and well dressed, and why should this dress be given to her? Still the impression became stronger every day that the goods for a dress must be given to this lady at once, as it seemed to be the only road to peace.

Late one evening the writer called upon her. The attendant at the door told her that Miss F—— was in her room, and to go right up. The writer felt rather embarrassed, and scarcely knew how to present the gift, but said rather awkardly, 'I have something here which I do not know whether you need or not, and I feel rather embarrassed to give to you.' The young lady looked up, and said, 'Stop a moment, I can tell you just what is in that bundle. There are goods for a blue serge suit, and the linings are there also. Let me explain to you. My mother is a widow living in Scotland. For some years my sister and I were in business and supported her. My sister married in comfortable circumstances, and was able to take mother to her home. I then felt that I was free, and wanted to give my life as a missionary. I decided to enter a training-school where missionaries were trained for Thibet, and I came out to this country, taking very little clothing with me, for I did not have much to take. The suit that you saw on me was the only wool suit that I had. About three weeks ago I was led to ask my heavenly father to send me a dress of blue serge, a coat, bodice and skirt alike, because I was so short I did not like to wear garments in different colors, and to send the linings also, because my money was all gone. No one in the training-school knew how short I was of money, but I have often been hindered from going to speak in different places where I have been invited, because I did not have the car fare to pay my way. Three weeks ago the Lord gave me the assurance that he would send me the dress, and I was rather surprised that I had to wait so long. I thank you as the instrument he was pleased to use.'

It may interest the readers to know that Miss F—— is now a missionary on the border of Thibet.

Abiding in Jesus.

(Abbie Mills, in the 'Michigan Advocate.')

Down beneath his shadow I am sitting:
Singing day by day;
Angels round my resting place oft flitting,
Leave behind some lay.

So the new, new song on earth I'm learning—
Never here complete;
But each providential leaf I'm turning
Shows his love replete.

Wondrous things for me each day he's doing—
I look up and trust;
As I need he is my strength renewing,
The Faithful and the Just.

All too feeble, praises fall of meaning;
Only yesterday
In new fields, to-day my soul's been gleaning
Where 'twas fair as May.

There I heard the voice of my Beloved,
And I hear it still;
How it every power within me moved
To adore his will!

When tempestuous winds are fiercely blowing,
Still, amid the roar,
I can hear salvation's streamlets flowing,
And the Pilot's oar.

There are strains so sweet, so pure and tender,
Only reached with pain;
And the furnace-tried alone can render
The sublime refrain.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Jan. 3, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

1902—'Collier's Weekly,' New York.
About Sussex—'Daily News,' London.
The Collapse of German Parliamentarism—'The Spectator,' London
Abolition of General Suffrage in Germany—'The Literary Digest,' New York.
Russia and Finland—Helsingfors Correspondence of the 'Morning Post,' London.
Three Years in Innermost Asia—Interview with Dr. Sven Hedin—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Lord Hugh Cecil—By H. W. Massingham, in 'The Speaker,' London.
Single Tax in New Zealand—Springfield 'Republican.'
Child Labor in the Northern states—'Public Opinion,' New York.
Government by Picture Post-Card—'Westminster Budget.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The New Edition of 'The Messiah'—New York 'Tribune.'
The Problem of Color Photography Solved—Manchester 'Guardian.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Skies of Arizona—Poem, by Auberon Herbert, in the 'Westminster Budget.'
Tiny Slippers—Poem, by Sir Edwin Arnold, in 'Ainslee's Magazine,' New York.
We Sat the Old Year Out—Poem, by Arthur J. Burdick, in 'Harper's Monthly Magazine,' New York.
A Song of Fate—By J. Shirley, 1596-1666.
The Auld House—By Lady Nairne, 1766-1845.
Moth and Rust—'The Spectator,' London.
Scenery in Fiction—'The Academy,' London.
An Author at Grass, Summer.—Part II.—Extracts from the private papers of Henry Rycroft, edited by George Gissing, in 'Fortnightly Review,' London.
Wilkie Collins—'The Speaker,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Nature Study in Schools—'The Commercial Advertiser,' New York
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What Laura's Dolls Did.

(By Margret Holmes Bates, in SS. 'Times.')

'I'm tired of these old things. I'm going to take them to the basement, and let Nora put them in the range for kindling,' and Laura gave a disdainful little kick at a collection of toys that had cost many dollars.

True, they were very much the worse for wear. There were dolls that lacked an arm, or a leg, or a wig. There were dolls' clothes, soiled and torn; there were pieces of china, remnants of pretty 'full sets,' tiny spoons, knives and forks, as well as kitchen, parlor, and bedroom furniture, all in a heap on the nursery floor.

Laura's brother was not a year old. These things were of no use to him. He was being dressed in a sunny window while the mother listened to Miss Dayton telling about a school she was forming for crippled children who were very poor.

Laura heard Miss Dayton say:

'You see, these little unfortunates are not able to go to the public schools for many reasons. So I'm having them come to my house from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon.'

'Isn't that a long session?' Mrs. Hale asked.

'It's not all study. I've had six children come, every day in the week, for the last month. I can take as many more as soon as I get the chairs. You know, I'm a kindergartner. The little ones have exercise in the motion songs. I have a substantial luncheon for them between twelve and one o'clock. Then lessons again, and after that I try to teach them to play with each other. They've never had playthings like more fortunate children,' and Miss. Dayton glanced at Laura standing with hands clasped behind her as she looked discontentedly at the heap of damaged toys.

Laura's attention had become divided. What Miss Dayton was saying sounded like a story. She walked slowly toward her, and Miss Dayton drew her close, and held her in her arm, as she said:

BIRDIES, COME! YOUR BREAKFAST TAKE.

'I wonder if Laura wouldn't like to come, some day, and see these little folks of mine.'

'Oh, yes!' Laura answered eagerly. 'Can't they walk at all?'

'Yes, all of them can walk, and all have the use of at least one hand. If mama will bring you some day, I'm sure they'll be glad to see you; and don't send your broken toys to be burned until after you've seen these little people of mine.'

It was a clear, frosty morning when Mrs. Hale took Laura to Miss Dayton's school of crippled children. There were ten, and Miss Dayton was giving them the exercise of a bird song. Laura knew it well, and tears came into her eyes when she saw one little boy going about with a crutch, one little girl with a big hump on her back, another with a poor, lifeless-looking arm that hung by her side; a boy with one leg that was like a straight stick, it was so small, and seemed so weak that it looked as if he might fall at any instant. Every one was crippled in some way. But their faces, though pale and pinched, possibly by the pain they had suffered and were still enduring, were happy and bright.

When the song was finished, the children had a reading-lesson, then some practice in counting. After that, Miss Dayton said:

'I must show our visitors the toys we have for our amusement when lessons are over. The children stay with me until nearly dark.'

She brought forward a basket—not a big one—and Laura caught her breath short and set her teeth

on her lip. Such a few old broken toys! And yet these little ones looked with brightening eyes and cheeks as Miss Dayton held up an old doll saying:

'This is the baby of the school, and the girls take turns owning it. Here's the waggon that the boys take the doll riding in.'

She went through the list of all the basket held, and she watched her little-girl visitor. She saw something that her pupils did not. She saw tears in Laura's brown eyes, and she noticed, too, that she was in a hurry to go away.

As soon as they were out of the room, Laura said:

'O mama! I'm going to pick out the best of my broken toys, and take them to Miss Dayton's children. Poor little things, to be glad of having such old broken toys! The worst of mine are not so bad as theirs. Do you think Ellen will help me fix the dolls while baby's asleep? I want their clothes clean and nice, and maybe we can mend some of the dolls.'

'Yes, I'm sure we can,' Mrs. Hale answered. 'Ellen will wash the clothes, and we'll see what we can do about the mending. I'm a pretty good doll's surgeon, you know, and so is Norn.'

'O mama, let's hurry!' And Laura skipped on ahead, and was in the house, upstairs, and talking breathlessly to Ellen about what she had seen, and what she was going to do, by the time Mrs. Hale reached the street door.

It was a busy time in the nursery for a day or two, and it was astonishing to see how very respectable the heap of broken toys grew. When all repairs were finished, there was a full half-dozen very nice-looking dolls in clean dresses. Ellen said, as she winked slyly at Nora:

'An', now they're so pretty, I'm sure Miss Laura'll kape 'em all her own self.'

'Indeed I will not,' Laura said earnestly. 'I'm so glad they look nice! But I wouldn't keep them, not for a houseful of new things, unless I might give the new ones to Miss Dayton's children.'

When Laura saw her mother and Miss Dayton unpack the basket of repaired toys, she felt, without knowing it, the full blessedness of giving. The wonder and delight on the faces of the little cripples, their exclamations and their thanks, were sweeter to Laura than anything she had ever experienced.

Little Susie, the one with the bad arm, crept shyly up to Laura, and asked:

'Do you ever sleep with a dolly?'

'Yes, I always do,' Laura answered.

'I never had one least little dolly to sleep with.' And the child's mouth quivered pitifully.

'Oh, please, Miss Dayton,' Laura said eagerly, 'here's the little rubber doll; let Susie have it. It's name is Nannie, and it's slept with me so long it'll be lonesome in the night if it's left here in the basket.'

'Surely,' said Miss Dayton. 'Each little girl may have her own doll now to take home with her, and I know she'll keep it clean and bring it to school every day, so that it may have tea on these pretty little dishes, and see all the others.'

And Laura never forgot the lesson she had learned from the little crippled children.

What Jack Did.

There is a story told of a monkey called Jack. His master always took him out with him when he was out gathering chestnuts, and when they would not shake off he climbed to the top of the branch and knocked them off. One day Jack's master and some friends stopped at a tavern, and drank freely. There was about half a glass left, and Jack took the glass and drank the contents. Soon he became merry, and hopped and danced about, making them all laugh. They agreed to go to the tavern next day, and make Jack drunk again.' Jack was unwell next morning, so they waited three days. But when they offered Jack a drink, he ran away, and in a moment was on the top of the house. His master got a gun and pointed it at him. A monkey is very afraid of a gun, so Jack slipped over the back of the house. His master then got two guns, one at each side of the house, and pointed them at him, but Jack went up the chimneys and went down into one of the flues. Thus his master was beaten. His master kept him for twelve years, but could never persuade him to touch another drop of whiskey. — Louis T. Runciman, in 'Temperance Record.'

Troubled.

Nobody saw me do it,
  Nobody came that way,
When I found the box on the closet shelf,
  Where the cakes for supper lay

Nobody could tell me not to,
  Nobody knows but myself,
But, oh! I wish that cake I took
  Was back again on the shelf.

Nobody knows my trouble,
  Nobody ever would guess
That a cake could cause a little girl
  So much unhappiness.

Nobody can tell mother
  Who took it from the shelf;
But I know before I go to sleep
  I'll have to tell her myself!

—Ella Randall Pearce.

How a Little Girl Started a Revival.

An American magazine tells a story about a little girl who went into a neighboring town, where there was a revival. She attended the meeting, and heard the story of the Cross, and gave herself to Jesus. When she returned home she went to an old man who was a Christian, and said to him, 'Can't we have a prayer-meeting?' 'We!' said he. 'I don't know of any other Christian in this district,' 'Well,' said she, 'you are a Christian, and I am a Christian; can't we have a prayer-meeting?' 'Well,' said he, 'we can say "we," then.' They did have a prayer-meeting. The next day two or three more came. God answered their prayers, and now between twenty and thirty have found the Saviour.

Three Gates.

If you are tempted to reveal
  A tale someone to you has told
About another, make it pass
  Before you speak, three gates of gold.

These narrow gates—First, 'Is it true?'
  Then, 'Is it needful? In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
  Is last and narrowest—'Is it kind?'

And if to reach your lips at last
  It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
  What the result of speech may be.

—'The Housekeeper.'

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 25.

Paul's Counsel to the Thessalonians.

1 Thessalonians v., 14-28.

Golden Text.

Hold fast that which is good.—1 Thessalonians v., 21.

Home Readings

Monday, Jan. 19.—1 Thess. v., 1-13.
Tuesday, Jan. 20.—1 Thess. v., 14-28.
Wednesday, Jan. 21.—1 Thess. i., 1-10.
Thursday, Jan. 22.—1 Thess. ii., 1-9.
Friday, Jan. 23.—1 Thess. ii., 10-20.
Saturday, Jan. 24.—1 Thess. iii., 12-4, 8.
Sunday, Jan. 25.—1 Thess. iv., 9-18.

(By R. M. Kurtz, Editor 'Union Gospel News.')

14. Now we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men.

15. See that none render evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.

16. Rejoice evermore.

17. Pray without ceasing.

18. In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

19. Quench not the Spirit.

20. Despise not prophesyings.

21. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

22. Abstain from all appearance of evil.

23. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

24. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.

25. Brethren, pray for us.

26. Greet all the brethren with an holy kiss.

27. I charge you by the Lord that this epistle be read unto all the holy brethren.

28. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.

Time, Places and Circumstances.

It will be remembered that last week's lesson described briefly Paul's successful work at Thessalonica, from which place he was compelled to flee, on account of the opposition to the Gospel, led by Jews who refused to accept the truth. We also learned that he and his companions, Silas and Timothy, were soon at Berea, where the Gospel received a better reception; and where many Jews and Gentiles were converted. Still, if you read a few verses beyond those appointed for last week's lesson, you at once discovered that the enemies of the Gospel at Thessalonica pursued him and his work to Berea, and Paul had to leave there also, though Silas and Timothy remained for a time at Berea, probably because Paul, being the leading spirit of the work, attracted the opposition mainly to himself, so that when he had gone, his less prominent companions were not molested.

When he left Berea he went to Athens, where the famous sermon on Mars' Hill was delivered. Soon after we find him at Corinth, not far away to the west of Athens. His two fellow-workers had been sent for and soon joined him. While here Paul wrote this first letter to the Thessalonians, and it is thought to be the first of all of his epistles which we have. Its date was probably about 51 A.D., though it is not positively known.

As we noted last week, Paul desired to do more work in person at Thessalonica, but could not return, perhaps because another disturbance might occur and serious trouble be brought upon some of the brethren there. However, he sent Timothy to comfort and encourage the young church. In 1 Thessalonians iii., 1, 2, he says, 'Wherefore when we could no longer forbear, we thought it good to be left at Athens alone; and sent Timotheus, our brother, and minister of God, and of Christ to establish you, and to comfort you concerning your faith.'

Timothy afterward brought back good tidings of the condition of the Thessalonian Church, and Paul later wrote them this letter. It is full of cheer, encouragement and instruction. In this lesson we have especially assigned for study only the last fifteen verses of the epistle.

Let us take the first verse of the lesson, verse 14, 'And we exhort you, brethren, admonish the disorderly, encourage the fainthearted, support the weak, be long-suffering toward all men.' These exhortations to admonish, comfort, support, etc., refer to the members of the church. Merely belonging to the church is not enough to strengthen one's character, anymore than it is enough to assure his salvation. Many people make the mistake of thinking that, because they have gone through the ceremony of uniting with the church, everything is therefore finished. They should understand that such a step is taken only for the sake of helping them on to higher and better things.

In verse 15 we are reminded of the Golden Rule. We are not to return evil for evil, but to do good to all men, both in the church and out of it.

Verse 16 seems strange as a distinct command, 'Rejoice evermore.' Farrar speaks of the age in which Paul lived as one 'so sombre that many Gentiles hailed as a special boon the possibility of suicide as an open door of escape granted them from intolerable misery.' The church was beginning to supersede Judaism, and was just entering the great conflict with the idolatrous and superstitious beliefs of that day. Great suffering and persecution were before it. Yet in the face of all this they were commanded to 'rejoice alway,' as the Revised Version has it. But the Christians had reason to rejoice. The spiritually minded Gentiles especially, appreciated the difference between the Gospel and the vile and empty forms of religion about them. There was no other religion that offered pardon, peace, infinite love, as a result of faith in a divine being. No other religion showed them a God so tender and compassionate that he would give his only son as a sacrifice that men might be rescued from sin and its consequences.

It is not surprising that the Thessalonian Christians were urged to 'pray without ceasing.' Situated as they were, they certainly needed to pray constantly for help, that their faith might not be shaken, that they might have courage and strength to endure hardship, and that others might be won. They were never to give up the habit of prayer. There was to be a free and open line of communication between the believer and the heavenly father. Those of you who have studied the electric telegraph know that, whether a message is actually passing over the wire or not, the electric current is flowing over it constantly. The conditions for sending a message are available every moment. Sometimes the wire is broken some place and the current is interrupted; then communication ceases. The prayer spirit is to be constant, it is a habitual attitude toward God, so that we may speak to him at any time. Our own sins sometimes break connections. 'If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.' Psalms lxvi., 18. The heart often prays when no words are formed by lips or mind, for its relation to God may be so unbroken and so close that he catches the unworded longing of the soul.

'In everything give thanks,' is to some perhaps a hard verse. A weak and narrow heart gives thanks only for an actual comfort or piece of good fortune received, but a great and noble one is thankful for the love of God, whether God always gives him what he would like to have or not. If he dwells in peace and comfort, he thanks God for that, but if sorrow or persecution comes, he is thankful for an opportunity to witness and suffer for his faith. Moreover, we are told in the same verse that it is the will of God in Christ Jesus that we should give thanks in everything. Through Christ we are able to have this spirit of faith and gratitude, no matter what comes.

'Quench not the Spirit,' continues Paul. The Spirit of God is given to guide, strengthen and comfort us. If we quench it by evil thoughts or deeds, it is like neglecting or throwing overboard the compass of a ship. The compass is a delicate, easily broken, instrument, but one very essential in sailing upon the seas and great lakes of the world. So the spirit is essential to our spiritual safety.

Paul places a high value upon prophecy, and elsewhere exhorts his hearers to covet this gift. In 1 Corinthians xiv., 3, he says, 'But he that prophesieth speaketh unto men to edification, and exhortation, and comfort.' To prophesy, as Paul uses the term here, does not mean merely the foretelling of events, but rather the gift of teaching and exhorting. Paul warns against despising the utterances of men thus gifted, for they speak the messages of God.

Verse 21. The idea is that we are to examine what is told us to see if it is in accord with the will of God.

To abstain from 'every appearance of evil' would be to settle every question about conduct in the right way. Many professing Christians, especially the younger people, are constantly trying to find how far they can go without sin. The true idea is to strive to keep as far away from sin as possible. If there is some doubt about this or that pleasure, avoid it rather than risk your own spiritual safety and perhaps lead a weaker brother into danger.

Now Paul's words take another tone; instead of continuing his exhortations he utters a prayer for the Thessalonians to whom he is more directly speaking. In the Revised Version this is, 'And the God of peace himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.' He then assures us of the faithfulness of God who calls us, and who can preserve us as he has just prayed.

The closing verses of the lesson are the closing verses of the epistle. Paul does not close his letter without asking the prayers of his Christian brethren. He realized that he could not carry on his work in his own strength, and desired the intercession of other Christians in his behalf. He also tells them to greet all the brethren 'with a holy kiss.' This was the form of salutation among the Christians of those early times, and was a symbol of their affection one toward another. The apostle then charges that his letter be read to all the brethren. Every one, not a select few, were to have free hearing of this early portion of the New Testament. The last verse is a benediction, much like those by which our churches are dismissed to-day. 'The grace' means the loving care, and favor of Christ, which Paul desired should rest upon them.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 25.—Topic—An evening with Chinese missions. Acts xvii., 24-31.

Birthday Letters.

(Griffith Thomas.)

A record of our scholars' birthdays should be kept, and a letter sent (by post, please) to each, so as to arrive first thing on the morning of the day. The letter should be as bright and cheery as possible, and always contain a personal word of loving appeal for Christ, if the scholar has not yet decided, or an equally loving word of counsel, if Christ is already accepted as Saviour. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of birthday letters. They will be kept and valued for years.

Temperance

A Safe Example.

(Mrs. G. S. Reaney, in 'The Temperance Record.')

I was on my way to a meeting in Hampshire, travelling in a well-filled third-class carriage. It came naturally to talk to one and another, spelling opportunity. I had found it quite impossible when about half way to resist lecturing a young mother, with a baby at her breast, about the refreshment contained in the wine flask. I had ventured to tell her that an eminent London physician had recently declared that if each one of the six hundred thousand drunkards in the British Isles, alive at this moment, could give the history of their love for drink, nine-tenths would have to declare they had imbibed their first taste from their mother's milk, and I followed up the statement by other Temperance facts.

In a little while I was conscious that the whole carriage was listening to my remarks, and to spare the blushes of the young mother, who I fear not unnaturally felt my words more or less personal, I changed the conversation by asking a sailor occupying the seat opposite to mine if he knew anything of the Canvas Bag Mission—delightful work which provided readings for all vessels afloat? Chancing to know the one—William Cook, of Folkestone—to whom this mission had owed its origin, I told the story. How having himself been blessed by picking up a small tract and reading it in leisure moments in his own cottage, he had purchased other tracts, and put them in brown paper covers and given them to some who went out in their fishing smacks, to read in their leisure moments on the high seas; how he had found his good desires defeated, because ere the tracts could be read, the sea-water had soaked through the brown paper and made havoc with the printing, how, further, to obviate this difficulty Cook had cut up old sacks and made these into covers.

Then came one to Folkestone connected with a popular paper for the British workman; and he told the story of Cook's efforts to pass on to others the blessing he himself had received from a tract; and this description of the old sailor, illustrated by a life-like portrait, had got into the hands of a confirmed invalid, who forthwith planned to supply all who would undertake to fill them, canvas bags, securely made, in which books and pamphlets could be preserved intact. And from this beautiful planning had come the widespread and well-known to-day Canvas Bag Mission.

The moral has been applied:

'So send your books and magazines to some Sailors' Institute and ask for them a place in some canvas bag!'

It was as I paused that I noticed for the first time amongst my listeners a gentleman with brown beard and bronzed complexion.

'Thank you very much for your information,' he said, 'I have just landed from a six weeks' voyage on a vessel which had no canvas bag reading for its sailors. I will do my best to supply the deficiency.'

'Hear, hear,' said my original sailor—the man who sat opposite—beaming upon the speaker.

'Permit me to say,' continued the gentleman with the brown beard, 'that I consider the topic of conversation before the Canvas Bag Mission was introduced was one slightly misleading. From words which were spoken I think a conclusion was intended to be drawn, that because the few drank to excess the many were in error who drank at all, where as I for one maintain that it is far better to be a moderate drinker than a man who has to prop up his moral nature by a pledge of total abstinence.'

'You will admit,' I said, 'that the few drinkers to excess are numbered by thousands in our land alone?'

'Certainly,' was the reply, 'I have no wish to discredit that statement; my point is rather that that fact alone should not lead me to give up my high standard.'

'Which is?' I enquired.

'To set an example of moderation which all might safely follow,' was the prompt reply.

'Forgive me,' I said, 'but are you quite wise in your choice of the word "safely"?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'Suffer me to ask you very carefully to examine your statement,' I said, adding quickly, 'you are doubtless free from the subtle temptations of inherited taste for alcohol. Your surroundings in home-life tend to refine and elevate, not to coarsen and depress. You are in full possession of a well-balanced mind . . . .'

The gentleman with the brown beard smiled and would have spoken, but I continued—

'Say there are five hundred people in this train, and at the next station all got out, and to continue their journey had to cross on foot a bridge which spanned a river. A board, displayed where all could see it, read thus:

'"This bridge is warranted to carry one only at a time, and that one not exceeding fifteen stone in weight.

'You take the lead, the given weight leaves a fair margin in your case, but you turn to the four hundred and ninety-nine others who have left the train, many far heavier than yourself, some even eighteen and twenty stone, and to these indiscriminately you say—

'"Come on, the bridge which will bear me will bear you."

'By what right do you claim to lead people, trying in all good faith to follow your example, to their ruin? Surely as a moderate drinker, perfect as your own safety may be, the example might be utterly misleading to some to whom drink will present temptations of which you know nothing: whereas, as a total abstainer, you could never by your example lead the most tempted to excess!'

I had been so eager in stating my case that I had not noticed the train had slackened speed. At that moment it stopped at a station and the gentleman with the brown beard alighted.

As he turned to close the carriage door he said to me.

'You have the best of the argument. I am bound to admit'; and raising his hat he was gone.

* * * * * *

It was quite two years afterwards that the chairman of a meeting, which I had travelled some distance to address, was making a few remarks about the power of personal influence. He told, as an illustration, the story of a friend of his—who some time ago recently returned from abroad—came to visit him, starting the visit by signing the pledge.

'A lady in the train down had convinced him that as one anxious to set an example to his fellow-creatures, which they might safely follow, it was better to be a total abstainer than a moderate drinker'; and turning to me my chairman added—

'I think, Mrs. Reaney, by the description my friend gave me, you were the lady who did the deed!'

'A gentleman with bronzed complexion and brown beard?' I enquired, much interested.

'The same,' was the reply, 'and I congratulate you in winning so good a man to the Temperance cause!'

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE CRUSADE HONOR ROLL.

For Week Ending Monday Night, Jan. 5.

*MONA G. TOLPUTT, Salmon Arm, B. C.
*THOS. H. P. ANDERSON, Bancroft, Ont.
*JOHN WELLS, Montreal.
*PIERSON McKENZIE, Victoria, B. C.
***EMERALD ST. METH. S.S., Hamilton
**VERA J. HENDERSON, Stapledon, Ont.
*BASIL GRIFFIN, Millgrove, Ont.
MRS. FRED. HOUGHTON, Topsfield, Me.
JERRY HENWOOD, Westbrook, N.S.
**K. M. FISHER, Wingham, Ont.
THOS. BRAY, Appelle, Assa., N.W.T.

Total Signatures to date **57,832.** **616**
Pledges Received Since Last Issue.

Those with this mark after their names have sent at least forty signatures to the pledge. Each additional list of twenty names entitles the sender to an additional *

*MONA G. TOLPUTT, Salmon Arm, B.C. heads this list, as her list was the first received for the week beginning Tuesday, Dec. 30.

The Pledge Crusade.

If you have not already signed the 'Messenger' Temperance Pledge Roll would you not like to sign your own name to the following solemn pledge and get others who have not aready signed to do the same? These forms may then be cut out and forwarded to the Temperance Department, 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Building, Montreal, where they will be collated and registered with the Dominion Alliance for safe keeping. These forms may be sent in with the renewal subscription. If sent separately, don't forget to put a two-cent stamp on the envelope.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE ROLL.

I solemnly promise by the grace of God that I will abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and will discountenance such use by others.

NAME.	ADDRESS.
.....	.....
.....	.....
.....	
.....	.....
.....	.....
.....	.....
In witness whereof	.....

Correspondence

Bear River, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm; we have a horse and colt, some cattle, sheep and hens and chickens. A river runs through our village, and it is a very pretty place here. We have eight stores, one bank, three or four blacksmith shops, harness shop and carriage shop. In the forests they catch mooze and deer. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' about two years, and I think it is a very nice paper. I go to school and I am in the seventh grade; I have reader, geography, history, arithmetic, drawing, writing, English lessons, compositions, and botany lessons. I have two brothers but no sisters. We have four little pups and one cat.

OLIVE A. R.

Hunter River, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—This is a very pretty village; there are two churches, a hotel, a starch factory, and four stores. I have three sisters and one brother. I am 12 years old. The school-house is just across the street from us and also the two churches. I would like to correspond with Bessie Johnstone. My address is: Sadie Large, Hunter River, P.E.I.

Milton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old; I have three sisters, one is married; she lives in New Germany. We have one pig, twelve hens and three cats. My birthday is on Feb. 5. I have five brothers. I am in the fifth grade; my teacher's name is Miss May Kempton. I am the youngest of the family. I do not have far to walk to school or Sunday-school.

MAGGIE M.

Haysville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Having read so many interesting letters in your paper lately I have come to the conclusion that I will write, too. There are many letters written by the girls, but what is the matter with the boys? Surely they can write as nice letters as the girls. Come along, boys! We do not want an 'old maids'' club, but we surely will if you don't come soon. If I am to be an old maid, I will be a goody-goody one, i.e., wear a wig, false teeth, and spectacles, have lots of cats, and try to live up to the name; don't you envy me, Mr. Editor? VICCOLO.

Grenville, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old and I live with my auntie and uncle. My papa and mamma are dead; papa was killed four years ago; he and another man were in a bush felling trees, and one of the trees fell and struck him on the head and killed him. When the man that was with him came home and told mamma, she nearly went crazy. We stayed at our old home for about four months, and then we moved away, for it was too lonesome. Two years after this mamma died. She just broke her heart about poor papa. Now I am staying at my auntie's, and I am getting along nicely. There are twelve in her family, so she has plenty to do. I have two brothers older than me and a little sister younger; she is the baby; she has got a very good home with a lady friend of auntie's. My little brothers stay with their uncles. I signed the Temperance Pledge in the 'Northern Messenger.'

LILLIE G. K.

(A nicely-written letter.—Ed.)

Delaware, Ont.

Dear Edtior,—We live about two miles and a half from Delaware post-office. We live near the river Thames, and when it overflows its banks we have to go across the fields to go to school. Once the river came up in Mr. Burt's barnyard, so they can never come out with a waggon, because the road is either covered with water or ice. I go to school and I am in the fourth-class. I went to Sunday-school this summer and got a prize for attendance; my prize was a lovely book named 'Jane Eyre.' We have a dog named 'Minto,' and I have two cows named 'Spottie' and 'Topsy.' We have a colt named 'Sparkle.' I have one sister and two brothers.

LAURA R. E. (Age 11.)

Langside, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many letters from boys and girls, I thought I would write one, too. I wrote to you once before, but I guess my letter was consigned to the waste-basket, as it was not printed. My father takes your valuable little paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' and I am sure we would be lonesome without it. I go to school, and am in the senior fourth reader. The school-house is two and one-half miles distant, and so, you see, I cannot go in the winter time. I study arithmetic, recitation, reading, dictation and spelling in the reader, practical spelling, Canadian and British history, physiology, geography, and grammar. I like British history the best of all my studies. I also forgot to mention drawing and writing as two more branches of study. I am very fond of reading, and I could not undertake to tell you how many stories I have read. I shall try to describe to you the village of Lucknow, which is five miles distant from our home. It has four churches, one school-house, about a dozen grocery stores, four dry-goods stores, one post-office, and ever so many private houses. Langside has only one store, both grocery and dry-goods, with a blacksmith's shop opposite. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sabbath-school; it is just across from the school-house. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, so I am not going to sign my name, but am going to let the scholars guess it if my letter is published.

'PUSS.' (Age 12.)

Weston, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am living at my grandpa's on a farm; we have eleven head of cattle and two horses. I have a calf four months old of my very own; I take all the care of it. I have two sisters and two brothers. The school-house is on the corner of grandpa's farm. I go to school every day. We have about five hundred apple trees. I am in No. 4 reading book. My birthday comes on April 4, then I will be ten years old.

IVAN J. S.

Grenville.

Dear Editor,—Our teacher wants us to write a little letter to the 'Messenger,' so we are all going to try and do the best we can. Mamma and my brother and I all signed the Temperance Pledge in the 'Messenger'; we are all for temperance. Papa never used any kind of liquor or tobacco; he has been a temperance man all his life. We are not farmers, but we have a large orchard; there are twelve different kinds of apple-trees and many other smaller kind of fruit-trees; we had a great abundance of apples this year; we bought an evaporator this fall and we find it quite a help in using up apples that are unsalable. I have three sisters and five brothers; I am the youngest of the girls; my eldest sister is in the post-office at Lachute. Papa has been C.P.R. foreman for about fifteen years; it is a good steady job and he does not seem to tire of it. Both my grandfathers and grandmothers are living yet; one of my grandfathers is a Presbyterian minister; the other has been a great sufferer for nine years; he has something like neuralgia in his head; he has been to the hospital several times, but the doctors cannot do anything for him; his disease is incurable. Poor, dear old man, he suffers dreadfully, and we all feel very sorry for him, but we cannot do anything to help him.

LAURA A. M. (Age 13.)

(This is a well-written letter.)

Marburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was born in Fenner, Cal., and lived there until I was four years old, when my mother died; then my sister and I came to Ontario and lived with my aunt; we have lived here six years. My sister is younger than I. Our father is still in California. We live on a farm four miles from Point Dover, on Lake Erie; it is a great summer resort. I will tell you about the journeys we have taken. Three years ago we went to Niagara Falls; it is eighty miles from here. We saw the beautiful falls and whirlpool, also Brock's monument. A year ago last November we went to Buffalo and visited the Pan-American. They said that the Electric Tower was four hundred and eleven feet high; it looked beautiful, illuminated at night. The fountains were lovely, and when we went down the Midway the sounds almost deafened us. We make decorations for our Christmas tree this way: We get red, white and blue tissue paper and cut stars an inch across; then we cut straws half an inch long and string them with a needle and a thread.

MYRTLE R.

RIDDLE.

(Sent by Annie Irwin, Relessey, Ont.)

God made Adam out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
According to God's holy plan.
My body He has made complete,
But without legs, or arms, or feet;
Nor did He give to me a soul,
Yet did my actions well control.
A living creature I became,
First Adam gave to me my name;
Then from his presence I withdrew,
No more of Adam ever knew,
I did my Maker's laws obey,
From it I never went astray;
Thousands of miles I ran in fear,
But seldom on the earth appear;
But God did in me something see
And put a living soul in me,
And sin in me the Lord did blame,
And took from me that soul again,
And when from me that soul had fled
I was the same as when first made.
And without feet, or hands, or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole.
I suffer oft by day and night
In giving fallen men great light,
For thousands both of young and old
Do at my death great light behold,
No fear of death doth trouble me,
For happiness I cannot see;
To Heaven above I ne'er can go
Nor to the graves of Hell below;
The Scriptures' truth I can't believe—
Whether right or wrong I can't conceive,
Although therein my name is found,
They are to me an empty sound,
And when these lines, my friends, you read,
Go search the Bible with all speed,
And if my name you can't find there,
It will be strange, I must declare.

Our Responsibility.

A man once stopped a preacher in a street of London, and said, 'I once heard you preach in Paris, and you said something which I have never forgotten, and which has, through God, been the means of my conversion.'

'What was that?' asked the preacher.

'It was that the latch was on our side of the door. I had always thought that God was a hard God, and that we must do something to propitiate him. It was a new thought to me that Christ was waiting for me to open to him.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' Subscribers for a list of ten subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of seven subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath-school or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE—A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following: Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Woman's Question.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart, a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love.

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy—
Demanding what others have died to win
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out;
Manlike you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I have questioned thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirt shall be whole;
I require that your heart shall be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first,
And say, 'It is very good.'

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheeks some day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the fading leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire, with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

The Useful Hot Water Bag.

('Good Housekeeping.')

When the india-rubber hot-water bag is as inexpensive as it is at present it becomes almost a duty to possess one. The water to fill it is always attainable, and the comfort of the possession will amply repay the expense. Frequently its use will relieve pain in a far simpler and more effectual manner than any medicine. A bag placed on the side of the neuralgic face will cause the blood to flow to that part and bring nourishment to the starving nerve. A fit of indigestion may be overcome in a similar manner. The weak heart may be filled by a very scantily filled bag, placed under the left arm, against the side. In the summer hotel on a rainy day it will make one quite fearless of the half-aired sheet and chilly bed, and thereby ward off that attack of the 'blues' which cold, unseasonable summer weather often produces. Then again, carefully concealed in its dark-colored bag, what a comfortable companion for a long, cold country drive. Always soothing, never contradictory, it is actually a life-saving machine. Many as are the blessings of the hot-water bottle, it must not be forgotten that it is also a source of danger. Always see that the stopper is absolutely tight, and never use it without a thick cover. Many a painful burn has it given, especially to an unconscious patient or to an old person. In old age, the circulation being weaker, the vitality becomes low. A thick cover will keep the water longer warm as well as insure against burns. Filling the bag quite full will also cause the heat to be retained for a longer time, but it will not be as comfortable as when half full. When not in use, the bag should be emptied.

Food and Sleep.

('Journal of Hygiene.')

Food may be used to promote sleep. This is most beneficial to nervous persons whose digestion is fairly good and who have not eaten a very hearty or indigestible late meal. What kind of food it shall be does not matter very much, provided it is nutritious and easily digested. Some prefer one kind and some another. One man prefers a plate of raw oysters with some crackers and butter, another a glass of milk or a dry biscuit. One eminent minister thought he had made a great discovery when he found that by eating roasted peanuts before going to bed he could sleep soundly. Others have found that a glass of hot milk or any of the many excellent substitutes for milk answers just as well. The food seems to take away from the brain the blood which keeps it in a state of activity to perform the act of digestion. Those who eat hearty, indigestible late dinners will not be benefited by food just before bed-time, nor those whose digestive organs are in a very abnormal state and the stomach foul. The old notion that one should go to bed with an empty stomach seems to have been proved for some persons at least bad, good as it may be for others. By a little carefulness and experimenting one may find what food taken at bed-time agrees and what does not, and if the practice is good or bad for himself or not. To some extent it is true that what is good for one may not agree with another.

System in Housework.

('The Dominion Churchman.')

If the thoughtful housewife will follow the plan suggested below she will never regret it. More system in housekeeping is the remedy for nearly all the minor evils connected with the present-day help problem.

Many fail to recognize housekeeping as a business that must be conducted with the same precision as a business of a different nature in order for it to run smoothly and successfully. To employ method in housekeeping is an exception and not the rule; the different kinds of work are oftimes performed whenever the inclination seems to dictate, the greatest part of the work of the entire week being allowed to remain undone until perhaps only two days remain in which to do the work of six, and in consequence the strength is overtaxed in doing that which might have been done with no injury to the worker had it been done systematically.

System cannot be eliminated from the housekeeping of those who are dependent upon but one servant to do the general housework, and the housewife must herself do the systematizing, as few servants are capable of doing it wisely.

Sit down with pen and paper and under the head of Usual Every Day Work, write down in the order in which it would be performed most conveniently and with despatch the work most necessary to be done daily. Determine what rooms must receive daily attention and the work to be done in them, if they must be thoroughly swept and dusted, etc., what cupboards, shelves, dressers, etc., must receive daily cleaning in kitchen and pantry, the work which must be done in sleeping rooms, the lamps that must receive daily attention, the rooms that require a second setting in order after the noon meal. Every item should be jotted down, even the washing of dishes. This for the purpose of appointing a special time for the doing of each piece of work, should be given a place upon the paper before or after another, and the work to be done in the order in which it has been written, as certain kinds of work if done before another will hasten the whole work of the day and fuel may also be saved in this way.

Next, determine what work must be done to keep the house in a satisfactory condition through the entire week, the work which does not require a repetition each day and divide it as equally as possible into six parts and assign a certain part to a certain day in the week. To one day washing, to another ironing, to another a general cleaning of the whole house, that is the washing of windows, woodwork, cupboards, china closets, etc., to another day sweeping and dusting, to another the baking and the washing of floors. Besides there are various small jobs of work that must be included with these already named, but they should be added to the work of the days which are the lightest to perform. There should be no such additions to the work of the days to which washing and sweeping are assigned.

This first draft of a housekeeping plan will prove to be a most imperfect one, but by using it for reference in executing the work of a week, mistakes will be noted, and corrections made until it seems satisfactory. It should then be copied out for good and tacked up in some handy place for reference.

It may seem foolish to bring housework down to so methodical a plan as this, but it has actually been put into practice no doubt. It has proved especially helpful in cases where a frequent change of young and inexperienced help has been necessary. At least a month must be given it for trial and in that time order will be restored in the household where confusion previously reigned. Duties that if forgotten and left unperformed would put the whole household machinery out of gear, are far more likely to receive attention if assigned to a certain day and a certain time. A place for everything and everything in its place is a valuable motto, but its equal is found in a time for everything and everything done at the proper time.

Hints on Health.

Ivy Poisoning.—A peculiarity of poisoning by ivy, dogwood or sumac is that a cure which will be of avail to one patient will give no relief to another. Country people, who live in districts where poisonous plants luxuriate, keep ready all sorts of simple home remedies, and if one does not help another will. Carbonate of soda dissolved in hot water, making a very strong solution, will frequently cure at once if it can be applied at the very earliest symptoms of poisoning. Salt in hot water will sometimes relieve when soda will not. Other simple country cures are a strong lye made from wood ashes, sassafras tea, made as strong as possible, and lime water. A doctor's remedy is a solution of sugar of lead mixed with opium in equal quantities. Water as hot as can be borne affords relief from the terrible itching. Poison ivy is easily recognized by its triple leaf. Some people are so susceptible to it that merely passing in its vicinity is sufficient to bring out the irritating blotches. Washing the exposed parts of the body immediately after coming in contact with it will often prevent unpleasant results. Care should be taken never to wipe the hands or face after exposure on a towel another is likely to use, for though you may not be poisoned yourself, another may become frightful. So.—'Good Housekeeping.'

True Freedom.

(Mrs. Clement Farley, in 'Ledger Monthly.')

I have been particularly struck lately with the lack of courage among young girls in doing things independently and according to their own convictions of duty and good taste. It is far from my intention to show approval of arrogant self-assertion, or for a moment to be supposed to encourage a young life in opposing itself to home rule and that obedience to parental guidance and authority which is a corner-stone to all building-up of noble womanhood. The honor due to father and mother is of sufficient importance in God's sight for him to include it in the

divine law, and it is the only commandment to which a promise is added.

No; what I mean by the independent living of one's own life is the freedom from fear of not being 'like other girls' in dress, in ways of living, choice of occupation, or any similar way in which your lives develop themselves.

Improvement in Temper.

('The American Mother.')

A great improvement in the temper of children will take place when average parents substitute for two time-honored, cold-blooded phrases two other more natural ones. Suppose, instead of a continual 'keep quiet' and 'keep clean,' should be said cheerfully, 'Run about freely,' and 'Never mind clothes, they can be washed.' This would be a new Magna Charta to many tormented little creatures. In reality, fragile clothing that must be continually thought of is as much a straight-jacket as the old-fashioned wooden things called by that name. If we could give our little ones the aboriginal covering of feathers or fur to grow up in, they would be happy and healthy; since we cannot, let us give them waterproof and homespun. And never torture them by that cruel refrain, 'Keep clean.'

Cleaning Chimneys.

(The 'Ledger Monthly.')

When the chimneys are cleaned, if soot happens to be dropped on the carpet, throw an equal quantity of salt on it at once and sweep it up together; if this is done at once there will be scarcely a trace left of the soot. If there should be a dingy spot left, as on a very light-grounded carpet there might be, raw cornmeal rubbed in and brushed off two or three times, until the meal stops getting blackened from contact with the carpet, will remove all trace of soot or anything else dark that may have been spilt upon it. The cornmeal must be swept up and exchanged for fresh directly it becomes dirty. When ink is spilled on a carpet, new milk applied with a rag will take it out; as in the case of the cornmeal, the milk must be replaced by fresh directly it becomes blackened.

Where's Mother?

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say;
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by,
'Where's mother?'

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won:
'Where's mother?'

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say,
'Where's mother?'

Mother with untiring hands,
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by,
'Where's mother?'

Selected Recipes

Sugar Ketchup.—For browning gravies or soups, is prepared as follows:—Pound in a mortar six ounces of coarse brown sugar. Set a small frying pan on the stove, with two ounces of butter in it. Add the sugar, and mix all well with a wooden spoon. After boiling stand this by the side of the fire till it has become a rich, dark color. Season the ketchup with pepper, a little sauce, and allspice to taste. Place the coloring in bottles, cork, and keep.

Baked Fish with Stuffing.—Season one pint of carefully rubbed bread crumbs with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a salt spoonful of white pepper, a teaspoonful of salt. Stuff this into the fish. Score the fish on one side. Give the fish a graceful twist, fasten with a skewer; baste with melted butter, and bake in a quick oven three-quarters of an hour, basting frequently.

Egg Sauce.—Beat the yolks of three eggs until creamy; add to them gradually half a pint of water from the pan in which the fish was baked. This you will make by adding water after the fish is taken out. Take from the fire; add a table spoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of scented vinegar, just a suspicion of salt and pepper.

Broiled Steak with Onion Sauce.—Season a medium-sized sirloin steak with salt and pepper and broil. Dish up, pour onion sauce over and serve. Onion Sauce.—Slice fine four onions, fry light-brown in butter, add half a pint of brown gravy and a ladleful of broth, salt and pepper. Reduce to a proper consistency and finish with chopped parsley and a few drops of vinegar.

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